

A BIT OF GOSSIP.

There is a young lady of Troy, West, who is a very handsome and a very good girl. We are nothing to blame that we don't give her name. For that might the story destroy.

She got from a lady a letter—
In Buffalo, I was that met her—
We don't know her name,
But, then, that's just the same,
And perhaps it is something the better.

This letter declares, it is said,
That Cleveland's decided to wed;
The bride told the news,
Said she couldn't refuse,
And will soon to the altar be led.

There's the story for what it is worth—
You know its career from its birth;
Perhaps you're suspicious,
But of gossip delusions
You'll have to admit there's a dearth.

—Columbus Dispatch.

AT REST.

They lie at rest, our blessed dead
The dove dove dove above their head,
They knew not when sweet summer fled.

Together all, yet each alone,
Each laid at rest beneath his own
Smooth turf or white alabaster stone.

When shall our number sink so deep,
And eyes that were so gleaming deep,
Weep not in the sufficient sleep?

FAITH'S VISIONS.

I have always lived in a New England village, and have sought to be a religious, God-fearing woman. It is due to myself to state this, because what I have here to set down is extraordinary and out of the common. Some of it I regard as at variance with sound Christian precept, but I am in no way responsible for it. I merely relate some curious facts concerning my late niece, Faith Converse, and her late husband.

Her mother was my younger sister. Both her parents died in her infancy, and her nurture and education became my charge. She grew up a good girl in the main, but too much given to the conceits of the world, as her mother was before her. Faith had what worldly folks call beauty and grace; and though I made her dress demurely, she was never without a trinket, a ribbon, or a flower in her hair. Yet she was obedient and loving; she dutifully attended the preaching of the word with me; and when my eyes were dim at night she was willing to take the blessed book and read an edifying chapter of my choice to me.

Until Faith was 18, we two lived comfortably together on my slender income, and nothing happened to disturb the wonted serenity of our lives. Then there was a change. We dwelt in a seaport town, the greatest man of which was Squire Bradish. He was its largest ship-owner, and otherwise wealthy and prosperous. He was a childless widower of 50, and living with a housekeeper and servants in a great house that overlooked the bay. His deep bass led the singing at meeting; though not a member, he was regularly there, and he was charitable, kind and good. Therefore I was surprised—nay, I was delighted—when he told me one day that the subject of taking another wife had been much on his mind of late, and that Faith Eldridge was the one whom he wished. And he said perhaps it would be better if I would first make his desire known to her.

I gladly did so the same day. She was amazed; that I expected, but she gave a positive refusal—and I was more vexed than I can tell. In vain did I remind her of the Squire's riches; his position, his goodness. She shook her head decidedly.

I am not given to anger, but rather at that time was to be justified. "Tell me this instant," I said, "and I think I stamp of my foot," "what this folly means! Have you a lover?"

She colored.

"Tell me!"

"Don't be angry with me, Aunt Rachel," she said, "I wanted to tell you before, but I did not dare. I am betrothed to Earl Converse, the master of Squire Bradish's ship Conqueror. We shall be married some time—I trust. We became engaged just before his ship sailed the last time. But—but—I loved him before I ever saw him."

The girl seemed to be losing her senses. I started at her, but indignation kept me silent.

She broke out in a wild talk that made me shiver.

"There are things which I can't explain to you, Aunt," she said. "You wouldn't believe me if I should tell you. I see things in my sleep, and I hear voices that tell me truly of much that is to happen. When the great storm came last December, that wrecked so many of our ships and drowned so many sailors of our town, I knew it weeks before the news came home. I could have told the name of every wrecked ship and drowned sailor, but the people would have thought me crazy—so you do now. The meeting-house burned up three years ago, and I had seen it all in my sleep two nights before. Months ere I met Earl Converse he came to me in my visions. I saw him plainly as I see you now, and knew he was to be my husband. You can't believe it; no body would, but Earl—he does. No matter, it is true."

I pity to the girl, fearing that some devil had possessed her, I said no more just then. Next day I saw the Squire, and told him. He listened, asked me many questions, and appeared thoughtful. But he agreed with me that something was strangely troubling the girl's mind. He hoped that it would soon pass away, and that Faith might be cured of this silly fancy for a poor ship-master, and be willing to take the first man of the town as her husband.

The conqueror came into port on her return voyage, a few weeks after my talk with Faith, and as there was no sinful secret to be longer kept, Captain Converse came openly to our house. He was a proper enough young man; he never swore like most seafaring men; in time, no doubt, he would be forehanded, and had not the Squire spoken out as he did, I might have been satisfied with him as Faith's husband. As it was, I put up my vexation and kept silent.

A few days before the Conqueror sailed again, Faith told me that she had promised Captain Converse that with my consent she would marry him on his return. Had not my mind been made up from my sense of Christian duty, her wistful voice and imploring eyes might have shaken my resolution. But I did not yield, and leaving her in tears I went to all the news to Squire Bradish. He became more thoughtful than ever when he heard it, and knitted his brows. I ventured to make a suggestion, I was so anxious, and perhaps I spoke unfeelingly and uncharitably.

"Suppose you discharge him from

your service," I said, "that would destroy his income and they could not marry."

He looked at me curiously and did not speak for a long time. Then he said: "I have been thinking of that; but it will not do. Poor as he is, he might marry now, in spite of us. No, we will let him go out again in the Conqueror. That will separate them for some months and give us time to contrive."

Some time after the sailing of her lover I observed a great change in Faith. Her cheerfulness departed. She grew pensive and silent; once I found her in tears. I could not speak to her of the old, distressing subject, for it estranged us. I feared still more for her mind, and treated her with the greatest kindness. Her eyes thanked me, and she always kissed me now upon going to bed. And more than ever did I pray that peace and serenity, as of old, might rest upon our heads.

One day there was a call from Squire Bradish.

"Where was Faith?" he asked.

"Out about the flower beds," I said.

"I have bad news, Miss Rachel. She must hear it. Please call her in."

She came in with her sun-bonnet in her hand, not at all agitated by the Squire's call.

"There is sad news to-day, Miss Eldridge," he said, "Can you bear it?"

She fixed her eyes intently upon him, but showed no emotion.

"The Conqueror has just rounded the lower point. A swift cutter coming up brought me a letter from the mate. It tells me that Captain Converse was drowned on the 14th of June in mid-ocean."

I looked to see her scream or faint. She did neither, with her hands lying loosely in her lap she sat there—a far-away look in her eyes, which seemed to see neither of us.

I went to her and laid my hand on her own.

"Do you hear, Faith? The Squire says that Captain Converse is drowned."

"It is not true," she said; "I saw him on the 14th of June. He seemed vexed and troubled. I can believe that he has been in danger and perplexity, but he is not dead. He did not come to me in that way."

There was nothing to be said to such perversity as this. The Squire took his leave, and next morning, after the ship was at the dock, he sent in the particulars of the captain's sad fate. In the height of a storm the lurch of the ship threw him against the rail. He must have been stunned, for, as he lay doubled over it he did not reach out his hand to save himself, but toppled into the sea. No boat could live in such a gale, and nothing could be done to aid him.

All this I told to Faith. She merely shook her head and grew angry. I could not help it.

"Foolish girl!" "Will you insist after this that he is alive?"

"I know he is," was her calm reply.

"Faith Eldridge, beware! You are lying in the face of Providence. These visions and dreamings are not of God—the adversary is in them. Confess your wretchedness; ask Him to forgive your impety; mourn a little, if you will, for your dead—and then, in due time, marry that excellent man who is patiently waiting for you."

"I think," she said, "that God made my betrothed come to me that night, that I might know he was still alive."

Her shocking irreverence took away my breath. Had it been six years earlier in her life I should have chastised her severely, and I felt like doing so now.

But twas no use to labor with her. Prayer was the only weapon left me, and I wielded it most vigorously.

Months passed, and Squire Bradish ventured to speak to Faith about his wishes. I never asked either what happened in that interview. I had no need. I saw him leave the house with a clouded face, and I knew there was no hope for him. And soon something happened that startled the town. Inexpressible shock as I was, the avenging hand of God seemed in it. The Squire was strong and robust, and in the maturity of life, but, as often happens to such men, he sickened and went rapidly to death's door. When the doctor told him that he might not have another day to live, he had his lawyer sent for.

"Fear up my will," he said, "which gives everything to churches and charities; draw another! Let the old housekeeper have a thousand dollars, and all but that goes to Faith Eldridge."

It was done and duly executed.

"Tell her," he said, "that it is all the reparation I can make her. I was set upon marrying her. The Captain of the Conqueror stood in my way, and I hired that ruffian of a mate to remove him. He did it. He caught him unawares one dark and stormy night, when the crew were all aloft and forward, and none could see, and flung him over the quarter. The mate told me how he did it when he came for his blood-money, and he has left the land forever. It was my work—God forgive me!"

So it came to pass that, through these astounding events, Faith went one day to take possession of the Bradish mansion and the wealth of its late owner. She took me with her.

Yes, thanks be to God, Captain Converse returned alive and well, when three years had passed since the Conqueror had borne him away. I was present at the happy meeting with Faith, and on that occasion, I am constrained to say, he kept his arms round her longer than a strict sense of propriety would allow. And she did not either scream or swoon this time. She simply said, "I knew you were alive, Earl—I was sure you would come," and laid head on his shoulder and allowed him to kiss her four or five times. It seemed to me that one would have been quite sufficient.

He had clung to a floating spar when treacherously hurled into the sea; had been picked up the next morning, very near to death, by a trader bound for the South Atlantic; he had endured shipwreck on the African coast, had been captured and sold into African slavery, and after such sufferings as killed all his companions, he escaped, and at last reached home again.

The brief years of wedded life which these two enjoyed, were very happy. They were bound up in each other; so much so, that I have feared that their religious duties were not always performed with becoming zeal. Did not humility prevent, I might also suggest that the marital fondness, which frequently excluded any attention to another person, although that person was a remarkably selfish person.

More than five times (to be precise)

during the first year of their wedded life did Faith Converse assure her husband that they were never more to be parted.

"I could not live without you now, Dear Earl," she would say, "and I think you would be lonely without me. Be of good cheer; we shall never be parted; within the same hour we shall seek a higher happiness in a better world. I know it. I have seen it in my sleep. When or where or how it will be I can not tell. But that we two shall die together is as certain as that we shall die."

What visions are given her to see now I may know one day, but that in the flesh she saw the future is proven by what I have written and what yet to write. On the night of Aug. 7, 1859, a furious storm came in from the sea, and raged all the night over the town.

It can be shown to-day the great trees which were splintered and carried by the lightning bolts; strong men who were children then remembered how they cowered and shuddered as they heard his terrible voice in the storm and the thunder. Until daylight I was upon my knees. At the dawn I tapped upon their door. They answered not. I softly unclosed it. They were asleep, but they had already awakened to a fairer morning than this. Neither scarred nor disfigured by the swift messenger, they lay as if in peaceful slumber.

He had called them, and they had gone home together.

A Courageous Oil Well Shooter.

Dell Bankson, an oil-well shooter went to the new Kane oil field on Saturday, which had just reached the New York Times. He had lowered a shell containing twenty quarts of nitro-glycerine to the depth of one hundred feet in the well, when he discovered that the well was about to make a flow. He knew that the force of the oil would carry the torpedo out at the top, and it would be exploded in contact with a derrick beam. If it escaped from the volume of oil it would fall back to the ground and explode. In either case Bankson knew that certain destruction awaited him and the property of his employer unless the torpedo could be secured. With remarkable presence of mind he placed himself at the mouth of the well, and as the shell shot up a stream of oil he threw his arm about it. Even then undue haste and lack of judgment might have proved fatal, but Bankson held the torpedo until the spurt of oil had ceased before he removed it from the well, although he knew that only a few seconds would elapse before the oil would be followed by a volume of gas and a mass of rocks from the depths. The instant the oil ceased he lifted the shell from the well and walked carefully and steadily away, carrying the torpedo in his arms. He had and rocks came out of the well with a roar and a rush. When all was over Bankson replaced the torpedo in the well, lowered it to the bottom, and finished his work. When the owners of the well heard of the wonderful nerve and judgment displayed by Bankson they at once presented him with a check for \$100. Bankson's conduct in his perilous situation is said by oil well-shooters to be the most courageous in the history of nitro-glycerine operations in the oil regions—work that necessitates the exercise of constant vigilance, cool judgment, and steady nerves on the part of the operator.

A New Story of Webster.

Philadelphia News.

On one occasion some Boston friends sent him as a present an enormous sized plow to use on his place. Webster gave out word that on a certain day it would be christened. The day arrived, and the surrounding farmers for miles came to witness the event. A dozen teams with aristocratic occupants came down from Washington. It was expected by every one that Webster would make a great speech on the occasion, reviewing the history of farming back to the time when Cincinnatus abdicated the most mighty throne in the world to cultivate turnips and cabbages in his Roman garden. The plow was brought out and ten yoke of splendid oxen hitched in front. More than 200 people stood around on the tip-top of expectation. Soon Webster made his appearance. He had been calling spirits from the vast deep and his gait was somewhat uncertain. Seizing the plow handles and spreading his feet, he yelled out to the driver in his deep bass voice:

"Are you all ready, Mr. Wright?"

"All ready, Mr. Webster," was the reply, meaning, of course, for his speech.

Webster straightened himself up by a mighty effort and shouted:

"Then let her rip!"

The whole crowd dropped to the ground and roared with laughter, while Webster with his big plow proceeded to up the soil.

A Letter's Long Chase.

Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

On the 8th of March, 1877, 112 shares of stock in the Denver & Boulder Valley Railroad company were issued to Mr. E. M. McCook, a wealthy gentleman who had been living in Denver. The shares were mailed to him in San Francisco, in care of the Bank of California. When the letter got to San Francisco, Mr. McCook had left, and it was forwarded to his address at Denver. It failed to catch him there, and what was done with it then for six or seven years no one knows. Mr. McCook was in Denver for three years of the time, off and on, but the inclosure did not reach him, and the shares were duplicated, under bond from him as against the original issue. This winter he has been traveling in Florida, and the old letter got after him again. It started from no one knows where and brought up at Sanford, where Mr. McCook had been. But he had left and gone to Rock Lodge, whether the tireless missive followed him. Again it was too late, he having returned to Jacksonville. Once more the letter pulled on its seven league boots and started on the back track for McCook. This time it was too soon for him and caught him napping at the Everett hotel.

Minneapolis Messenger: Kansas Post is making extensive preparations for the observance of Decoration Day, and the occasion promises to be more than usually interesting. All the military and civil societies of the city are expected to take part and one or more grand army posts from the country.

A citizen of Washington county, living near Haddam, ate some cheese the other day which was poisonous, and came near dying from the effects. He was rescued, however, by the prompt assistance of a physician.

KANSAS CHURCHES.

North Topeka Mail: The First Baptist church of Topeka, ended their revival by baptizing twenty-eight. The scene was a remarkable one and was witnessed by a large audience. Rev. B. Harper baptized seventeen in five minutes. He is now starting out on a commission to raise money for a church edifice costing \$5000 to be raised expediently.

The State Sunday-school convention convened in Junction City. There were delegates in attendance from all parts of the state. The convention continued for three days. The citizens opened their houses to the delegates and visitors and gave them a royal reception. It proved one of the most interesting conventions ever held.

A successful effort has been made to secure subscriptions sufficient to relieve the M. E. church at Carbondale, Osage county, of present indebtedness, and to cover the cost of enlarging it to meet present needs, pledges amounting to \$1,000, payable within sixty days, were raised.

Bible readers are so scarce in Ottawa, Franklin county, that an advertisement has been inserted by the local paper calling for four intelligent christians to meet the advertiser for the purpose of reading the holy book from Genesis to Revelation.

Leavenworth Standard: The Rev. M. Harrigan and Rev. Alexander Jennings, both young men who were raised and educated here were ordained as priests a few days ago. There will be fifteen new priests ordained this year in this diocese.

As a result of the revival meetings which Rev. D. K. Little has been holding at Russell, Russell county. Twenty-six conversions are reported and twenty-four accessions to the church.

Russell Journal: The congregation of the M. E. church is getting too large for the building, and there is some probability of a new edifice being erected this year.

Wa-Keeney World: The church extension society have made to the M. E. church at Wa-Keeney a five-year loan of \$450, secured by mortgage, and a donation of \$250.

The seventieth birthday of Rev. A. Barnes, pastor of the Universalist church at Junction City, was celebrated by a dinner and various joyful demonstrations.

Rev. Nulton is laboring faithfully to secure funds with which to build a M. E. church building at Oberlin, and is meeting with substantial encouragement.

El Dorado, Butler county, will erect a new \$15,000 church this year. Subscriptions for that purpose, are now being raised.

Mrs. Griffith has just concluded a series of successful revival meetings at the Fort Scott Methodist church.

Ground has been broken for [the new] Congregational church building at Kinsey, Edwards county.

The Free Will Baptists will erect a church at Cuba, Republic county, during the summer.

The Presbyterian church at Newton has been remodeled, and a new parsonage built.

Ground has been broken for the new Methodist church at Saratoga, Pratt county.

The new Catholic church at Osborne, is being rapidly pushed to completion.

The Presbyterian church of Neodesha, Wilson county, has been completed.

A Catholic church is to be erected at Meade Center, Meade county.

"JONES' CORK LEG."

Latest a Harrowing Tale With a Tinge of Humor.

St. Louis Republic.

Hugh M. Brooks alias Maxwell, confined in jail under indictment for the murder of C. A. Preller at the Southern hotel about a year ago, has been amusing himself during his confinement by exercising his literary talent. The Republican recently printed one of his efforts, a description of the peculiar people confined in the jail, and now presents a sketch which is quite meritorious in its way. If its general tone may be taken as an indication of the state of mind of the prisoner, it may be inferred that he is not worrying much over his present condition.

JONES' CORK LEG.

My name is Brown—Julius Brown. I am a drummer; 40 years of age and not married. I give all these particulars because I have a great dislike to be cross-examined. I represent the world-renowned firm of "Biddle, Sharp & Co.," and during the course of my peregrinations found myself at Houghton, a small country town in the west of England. I took up my quarters at the "Clackes Arms," where I found several other drummers. The evening was getting late, and as we sat in the commercial room enjoying a social glass and swapping lies as to the business we had done the door opened and the droll face of Jones (another drummer) appeared.

"Hello!" I called out, "here comes the only Jones." Jones sat down amongst us and told us about the large orders he had obtained. We all felt sick with envy. After awhile I said:

"Say, boys, I'll bet a champagne supper that Jones can keep his leg in boiling water longer than anyone here."

My offer was greeted with a roar of laughter, but finally Ainsworth accepted the wager. It was agreed that Jones should put his leg in first and Grundy was appointed time-keeper and referee. A large pan of boiling water was brought and Jones after taking off his boot, plunged his right leg into the water and kept it there until the water was quite cold. Ainsworth said he was quite satisfied and did not intend to parboil his leg for our amusement. He ordered the supper and many were the surmises as to what method Jones had employed to enable him to resist the heat. Jones solemnly protested that he had not done anything at all to his leg. At last he said:

"Well as you fellows all appear to take so great an interest in me I'll tell you all about it, but you must first promise not to repeat a word to anyone."

We are promised faithfully not to do so, and Jones told the following story:

As I had a very good one and had for some years been a doing splendid business. In 1881, however, the business had fallen away almost entirely, and in May I was sent over to inquire into matters and see what could be done to revive business. I found that our representative was not worth his salt, and the house instructed me to call on all our customers, stay until business was all right, and then have a thoroughly competent man to represent us. In July I arrived at the village of Kilmore and found I had missed the last train to Kilmore (the nearest city). It was a wet, stormy night and I did not feel inclined to walk to Kilmore a distance of ten miles. I went to the inn and found three of the most villainous-looking men I had ever seen, in the one room devoted to the public. They left shortly after my arrival. The landlord either could not or would not give me a bed and I was compelled to pass the night in the room I mentioned in company with the pig and fowl. I had a large sum of money with him and left rather uncomfortable. I was very glad. I can assure you, when morning came, and I hastened to get away from the place. A few days afterwards I was in the coffee-room of the Shelborne Arms hotel, Dublin. There were several gentlemen there discussing an agrarian outrage that had taken place near Kilman. One of them said that three men had been arrested on suspicion, but the alleged they were miles away from Kilman on the night of the outrage. My attention was aroused and I made inquiries and found that the outrage had taken place on the same night I had spent so uncomfortably at Kilman. I said why I was at Kilman that night and saw three men in the inn. One of the gentlemen (who was dressed in rusty black) at once became interested; and I gave him a full account describing the men very particularly.

"I thought my rusty friend was a reporter and thought no more about the matter. The next day my seedy friend came to talk over the again. I repeated my statement to him and he gave me a subpoena to appear at the Kilmore assizes and give evidence against the men. I did not particularly care to go, but had no choice. I went, and the men were convicted and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. My testimony broke down the alibi they tried to set up."

"I went about my business and a week or so afterwards the affair was brought to my recollection by a letter I received ornamented by a small cross-bones and coffin, advising me to prepare for another and better world, as I was too good to live poor. I took no notice of it and treated it with the contempt on anonymous letter deserve. In November I again found myself at Kilman and thought to myself I went stop here again to-night. I did any business and went to the station in plenty of time to catch the last train. On arriving at the station I found that the running time had been altered and the train had left. There was no help for it, and I was compelled to walk to Kilmore. It was a beautiful starting night, cold and frosty. I was met by a man who appeared to be a good well-to-do farmer. He inquired where I was going and I told him. He said he was going in the same direction and if I had no objection he would walk with me. I gladly consented and we went on together for about another four miles. I was beginning to congratulate myself that I had almost reached my journey's end when my companion gave a peculiar whistle. Before I could inquire what he meant I was seized by several men who were in ambush, thrown to the ground and my hands tied behind my back. I tried to obtain some information as to their intentions, but was unsuccessful. The muzzle of a pistol was placed to my head and I was told that upon the slightest noise or attempt to escape I should be shot. I thought discretion the better part of valor and held my peace. We went along for about a mile from Kilmore. As soon as we reached the track I was thrown down and one of the men called out to the rope. It immediately flashed across my mind that I was to be bound to the track and left to be cut up by the express, which would pass in about forty-five minutes. I almost fainted with the horror of my situation. I was quickly bound down to the rails and the men left me, telling me that the nearest house was some miles away, and that I need not waste my breath by shouting. They told me that the express would be along in thirty minutes, and that my testimony would not be required on any future occasion. I shrieked out at the top of my voice, but the only reply I got was the mocking laughter from the fiends as they went away. I at once saw that my only hope of safety was to get free. I struggled and almost tore my hands off in my frantic endeavors to get loose. At last I succeeded in freeing my right hand, then my left. Hope took the place of despair. If I only had my knife, thought; but the fiends had taken all my portable property away. However, I was half free, and I set to work to liberate my legs. They were bound much more securely than any hands had been. After almost superhuman efforts I succeeded in getting my left leg loose, and was tugging and straining at the cord that bound my right, when—hark! What is that rumbling sound I hear? Horror! It is the express rushing down upon me—I! The thought was too horrible to contemplate. I grew frantic and strained every nerve to burst my bonds. 'Twas vain. The train approached nearer and nearer. I heard the whistle shrieking, and to my ears it sounded like the voice of some demon rejoicing over my torture. With a horrible roar the train entered the tunnel. I saw the two red lights on the engine glaring at me like the eyes of some fiery demon. On and on it came, nearer and nearer. I raved and shrieked in my agony, but my voice was drowned by the roar of the train. I tore frantically at the cords. All in vain. I gave up myself for lost. With a hiss and a roar the train emerged from the tunnel and came down upon me. I felt a dull pain, gave one despairing shriek and fainted. When I recovered consciousness I found myself in the waiting room at Kilmore with several surgeons around me. The engineer told me that he felt that he felt the engine pass over some obstruction, at once stopped the train and found me lying insensible by the side of the track. He obtained assistance and brought me to Kilmore. I was taken to the hospital and my leg was amputated. The men were never caught. In fact, I made no complaint, and this is the first time I have told the story. As soon as I recovered

ered I had a cork leg made, which I now use. So you see boys, how it was I could keep my leg in boiling water."

Much sympathy was expressed for Jones, who shortly afterwards retired to rest, leaving us all in the commercial room discussing his adventure.

I sat listening, and after awhile remarked: "Well, Jones is a smart fellow and tells a good story, but I know he had a cork leg when he was about ten years of age, and his father told me he lost his leg through being run over by a street car when he was trying to steal a ride."

W. H. L. MAXWELL.

SOME WASHINGTON STORIES.

"Malnthrop" and Her Sayings: Convulsing Society at the National Capital.

WASHINGTON, April 30.—One of the most prominent of the society ladies in Washington, and the wife of a gentleman who has the reputation of being the wealthiest man in the city, is saying so many peculiar things as to give her the name of Mrs. Malnthrop. A familiar question at all the social gatherings here is, "Have you heard the latest from Mrs. So and So?" The latest amusement she created was by remarking to a friend that she spent the afternoon in "perambulating" through her own house, looking after cockroaches, and a few days before, while conversing with a lady called upon Mrs. James Brown Potter's visit here, she asked if the lady wrote her name with a diphthong between Brown and Potter. It is said also that she recently sent her compliments to one of the lady physicians in the city suggesting that if she would send her some of her business cards she would take pleasure in distributing them among her friends.

Secretary Endicott is the swell of the cabinet. He traces his ancestry far back, farther than anybody in Washington can go, and takes great satisfaction in knowing that his great grandfather was the famous Endicott of colonial times, but the secretary had his pride mutilated at the birthday party given by Senator Morrill two or three weeks ago. Among the company present was Lord Errington, a British nobleman, who achieved much fame while acting as ambassador of the British government at the Vatican. Lord Errington was introduced to Mr. Endicott at the latter's request, and parlayed him by saying: "Mr. Endicott, you will excuse me if I don't recollect your name as I have already met more people than I can remember."

A new idea has been introduced in this city which will undoubtedly be popular, and would be welcomed by the society ladies of other cities. A woman past middle age, who was recently thrown upon her own resources for a subsistence, conceived the idea of asking some of her former acquaintances in society for work as a meander and darning, at which she was very skillful. She was surprised to find herself looked upon as a special providence by many ladies whose social duties occupied so much of their time, and who have not hitherto thought it possible to obtain help in this direction. They very gladly accepted the offer, and now send to this lady's house every week all the clothing and hosiery needing repairs, which is brought back in good order within a few days. After a few weeks experience the lady who has introduced this novelty finds herself possessed of a considerable income, and her example may be imitated with profit by others.

The secretary of the treasury has sent to congress a supplemental estimate of appropriations necessary for the expenses of this government for the next fiscal year. In this list are two items which will probably occasion some debate. They are for the purchase of a portrait of Howell Cobb, who deserted his post as secretary of the treasury and became a member of the confederate cabinet, and for a portrait of Jacob Thompson, ex-secretary of the interior, who did the same thing. It has always been the practice to adorn the walls of the different departments with portraits of those who have presided over them, but in making the collections the republican administrations have not thought it necessary to confer that honor upon these officers. The new democratic administration, however, thinks differently.

Progressive enceph, which has been popular here all winter, has given way to poker parties, and it is now a common thing for ladies of high social standing to meet at the residence of each other on occasions and gamble for high stakes. This new and very creditable method of breaking the monotony of Lent is said to have been introduced by the wife of a naval officer, who learned the game in Europe. The principal players at the parties are the wives of the foreign ministers, the wives of at least three senators, one of whom is very wealthy, and comes from New England, and the wives of several naval officers and army officers prominent in society. They do not appear to be anxious to conceal the nature of their new amusements, but talk of it as freely as they would if they had been engaged in an innocent game of whist.

The United States fish commission has recently issued an interesting paper upon the subject of lobsters. The lovers of lobster salad will regret to learn that the supply, as well as the size of this sea fruit is rapidly decreasing, and the fish commission is devoting its energies to artificial propagation. The hatching of large quantities of lobster eggs is now being carried on at the stations of the fish commission, and then the young lobster is launched in such localities as are considered most favorable to their growth. The eggs of a lobster are comparatively large, being about one-twelfth of an inch in diameter, and each lobster carries from about twelve to twenty-four thousand according to its size. The decrease in the crop has been a serious loss to many fishermen and dealers. All of the states interested in lobster fisheries except New Jersey have enacted protective laws, but they have failed to check the decrease either because they are inadequate or have not been properly enforced.

Mr. McClure the man that runs the syndicate which furnishes short stories for the newspapers, is getting up a symposium on the labor question, which article will be furnished by all the leading and prominent labor agitators in the country and several Senators and Representatives, the topic being: "How can the controversy between labor and capital be adjusted?" In speaking of the great success of his plan of publishing

short stories in newspapers, Mr. McClure said that he was now using several stories a week. A majority of them are from entirely new authors, and there are never such a chance offered to young writers to get their manuscripts into print. The supply, however, was not equal to the demand, and he encourages every ambitious writer to work diligently. Mr. McClure says that he gets an immense amount of trash of course, an average of 150 stories a week. Out of this number he finds it difficult to select as many as he needs that are suitable for his purpose, the trouble being that the writers either make their manuscript too long or do not hit a popular idea. He pays prices all the way from \$25 to \$500 a story, according to its merits the average price being about \$50. Mr. McClure says that the authors who receive the largest compensation are W. D. Howells, who will not write except on special contract, and fires his own agents according to the length and time spent upon his contribution.

Mark Twain will not write at all for anybody. He is so rich that he does not have to, and is so careful of his reputation that he will not run the risk of damaging it. Once in a while he sits down and writes something when he happens to be in a mood, and can then command any price he wants. With these exceptions, the authors receiving the highest price are Frank B. Stockton, Mrs. Bennett, Bret Harte, J. T. Towbridge, G. W. Cable, who usually gets \$50 for every thousand words; Edward Everett Hale, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Joel Chandler Harris, and some others get \$30 a thousand words, while Boyson, G. Parson Lotthrop, and Julian Hawthorne stand in the next grade and get from \$15 to \$25 per 1,000 words. The other day Mr. McClure paid Sidney Lusk, a new author who has recently developed, \$200 for a short story, and has also paid other unknown writers a similar amount, but when a new candidate for literary honors comes in, the price usually offered for the first contribution is not over \$35. Mr. McClure told me a story of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who is under contract to furnish a short story for publication a couple of weeks hence. Soon after she commenced the manuscript she sprained her wrist, and is so conscientious about fulfilling her contract that she is now writing with her arm in splints, and is naturally making very slow work of it.

ONE OF THE WONDERS.

Boston Courier.

Plaster—That's a vicious looking mule you've got there, Pompey.

Pompey—Dat mule, sah? Dat am one of the wonders of the world.

Plaster—One of the wonders of the world?

Pompey—Yes, sah, dat mule spilled me outen de wagon yessiday.

Plaster—Is that why you call him one of the wonders of the world?

Pompey—Yes, sah, Pompey's spiller, you know. Hah, hah! Gid' long dar.

Junction City Union: Kansas soil is a fertile, sandy loam, easily tilled. Winter mild and open. Little shelter required for cattle. Roads hard, drainage good and no swamps. The best country in the world. Hundreds of acres in this section of the state can be had on easy terms and long time. Only one sixth part of Kansas is under cultivation, and I entire area contains 81,218 square miles. Now is the time to buy a comfortable home and independent livelihood.

Tramp—Well, muma, have you got as more o' them buckwheat cakes to-day?

Mrs. Coldcash—There's some cold ones, but I am afraid you will find them rather indigestible.

A lodge of the Knights of Pythias has been instituted at Cimarron, Ford county.

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